

## XLV.

LATIN CONVENT, NALABETH, Friday, May 7, 1892.  
 THE 1.6. Journalist by the L. G. Gate

Leaving the tomb of Joseph, the road turned to the west and entered the narrow pass between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. The former is a steep, barren peak, clothed with terraces of cactus, standing on the northern side of the pass. Mount Gerizim is cultivated nearly to the top, and is truly a mountain of blessing, compared with its neighbor. Through an orchard of grand old olive trees we reached Nablona, which presented a charming picture, with its long mass of white, dome-topped stone houses stretching along the

We rode down the beautiful valley, taking the road to Sebasté, (Samaria,) while our luggage-men kept directly over the mountains to Jenin. Our path at first followed the course of the stream, between turfy banks and through luxuriant orchards. The whole country we overlooked was planted with olive-trees, and, except the very summits of the mountains, covered with grain-fields. For two hours our course was north-east, leading over the hills and now and then dipping into beautiful dells. In one of these a large stream gushes from the earth in a full fountain, at the foot of a great olive tree. The hill-side above it was a complete mass of foliage, crowned with the white walls of a Syrian village. Descending the valley, which is very deep, we came within sight

holy place, this pillar was preserved by a miracle, that it might not be lost to the Christians. At the same time, he said, the angels of God carried away the wooden house which stood at the entrance of the grotto, and after letting it drop in Marseilles while they rested, picked it up again and set it down in Loretto, where it still remains. As he said this, there was such entire, absolute belief in the good monk's eyes, and such happiness in that belief, that not for ten times the gold on the shrine would I have expressed a doubt of the story. He then bade me kneel that I might see the spot where the angel stood, and devoutly repeated a pater noster while I contemplated the pure pillar of snowy marble, surrounded with vases of fragrant flowers, between which hung cressets

## JAVA

A Glimpse of Malay Life.

"Had I entered the saloon of the Regent without knowing to whom I was paying my visit, and in what part of the world I was, the thoughts of India and of a Java prince would never have occurred to me. Everything was in European style—French and English engravings hung upon the walls, and huge mirrors in gilded frames. At the head of the room, the umbrella-troopies of State fast to the wall, like trophies, supported by handles full eight or nine feet long, alone had anything foreign in their appearance. On the table were cigars inclosed in French cases made of stamped leather.

"The Regent with his attendants formed a strong contrast to all this. He was a handsome young man with thin mustache, and dark, expressive

"Ten minutes had not passed when the slender, youthful form of a servant appeared in the door, and brought five weapons, splendid with gold and jewels. At first I paid little attention to the knives, for the figure of him who brought them attracted my notice too strongly. He drew near in an attitude of reverence, when he handed the weapons to his master, but there was nothing servile in his homage, and he did not assume the cowering attitude of a slave. He stood looking further on, and I perceived that he was waiting for orders. The face of this remarkably young man really beautiful; his nose was long and well formed, the mouth small, the eyes black and fiery, but there was a peculiar expression of melancholy at times upon the delicately chiseled lips, which seemed often to be only by force kept under. He was clothed in all respects in the garments of the men; the headcloth which was bound round the forehead, like a turban, below the knot was the end of his hair. He wore trousers of short saffron; only the jacket was not left open, as is usual with the natives, but was completely

I never saw a more noble, modest, and exciting pantomime, there the dancing of these girls. The people, also, outside the doors, who had, until now, in reverent stillness, not ventured to interrupt the exhibition by a single word, had become excited, and when the sisters were toward to the fight, when at length they raised their bows with deadly intent, a murmur of applause, some of the crowd even cried out for mercy, and the swelling tones of the instruments rejoiced that they had flowed.

"At last the excitement of the dances was raised to the highest pitch: one party of the sisters sprang for the last time to their bows, and aimed at the breasts of their opponents, but they let their weapons fall, and with averted faces offered their hearts to the arrows. Then fell the bows rattling to the floor, and rushing to one another, while the people without broke out in shouts of joy, and the bells in joyous tones joined in the song of the victory of love, they drew their bows and arrows, and the same day the dances celebrated their reconciliation. Theatives outside behaved as if distracted, and I did not so ashamed to admit that a tear moistened my own eyes.

## SUMMER RAME

In the rocks bordering this lake, it is said, are buried eagle's nests, which may be reached by the most skillful feat of man, as yet, have those monarchs of air in this, their wild and solitary home, which none knows the tread of the wild man, or, which none of the Anglo-Saxon paddlers of the lake ever also come to the sight of a loon, or pelican, a wild goose or a wild duck, brought from the shores of this lake. It is variously estimated at from twenty five to thirty miles in length. The distance it is but twenty miles from St. Anthony; it is a sort of a "wild frontier" between the great cities of the east and west, and is peopled by persons who live in the neighborhood. A human habitation never stands on the outlet, a town so below—a small shanty, erected by a young man six months ago, where he lives, a rustic Indian nature, hunting and fishing.

There is no company, or disappointment in some of our many lady readers may be apt to imagine, but merely to secure the "claim" he has set up to a portion of the land. Land-seekers have no business in setting up there. "Government" is what they have not been sure of. "Claiming" is not the final statement. It is to be made by the Indians, it is to be made as to secure emigrants in their possession. The pleasant places so lately claimed by the Indians are now—though not yet open to purchase—may be so printed in this manner. Minnesota calls for territory, and the fertile lands of the north and west, and the advantages of navigable rivers, her swamping swamps, her wet tracts, rich in valuable timber, and her increasing lumber trade—her extensive markets for developing year after year—she will not long be inactive, new comers will throng to her, and the prospect of growing wealth in the industry and commerce of the north will be a powerful inducement to encounter; supplies can be had, and every market for their produce, close at hand.

The Dakota tribe are Carver's Cave, in Jackson Bluff, the name of Wabun Titi—Horse of the Snake